

## **Cross Movement**

### **"All Day"**

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(Verse 1)

I understand and stand under the cross of He who bled  
Now I'm covered in His blood-shed, all I see is red  
Like the Red Sea, it's deadly with out Christ so cool it  
My God played this world like twelve inches, cause He  
rules it  
From pulpit to ghetto, projects to golden meadows  
The Bread of Life leads men back home like Hanzel  
and Gretle  
Push the peddle across the globe like express truckers  
or bikers  
Carry the Gospel like Fed- Ex from Rutgers to Rikers  
Some love us some like, then some can't stand us,  
Cause we expose and appose the evil that man does  
That we do, not even those who speak in Greek and  
Hebrew  
Can build a wall of knowledge of self that God can't  
see through  
It's He who made us, and not we ourselves,  
Don't have enough might, enough thought power cells  
And our shells are empty until He fills them  
So 'til then Cross Movement will be chillin'  
No more lookin' for a real love Mary J.  
Now I parley with Jesus all day every day.

Chorus:

And that's from sun up, unto sun down  
There is One Love, who wears One crown  
Long as my mic is plugged into my cord  
We live one life and we serve One Lord

(Verse 2)

Daily, my mind is bombarded with the fact of things  
That God is not a part of our everyday happenings,  
The raps we sing, the films we watch, the lives we live,  
men's prerogative  
And we like it like that, when God's word comes across  
the net,  
You can bet we spike it right back  
But when you're the object of pain, it's not odd it's  
insane

How God is left out, yet God gets the blame  
When it's negative, yet all the while peep all the smiles  
As peeps call and shout, "yo, just let us live"  
Even though it's very contrary to what He say  
That's how they roll all day every day

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3 )

Check this y'all, don't get lost in my song rhythm  
Eyes off me and onto the King who's long livin'  
Ever since me and the Lord have been swingin like ax  
handles  
Without Him, life is risky business like tax scandals  
Now He got me feelin nicer than Jack Daniels  
Reject Christ and end up burnin like wax candles  
But that's not His main thrust, look how He gains trust  
And loved us enough to let His veins bust  
Follow man if you want trouble,  
Live life on your own and catch wreck like a stunt  
double  
Death is the penalty for sin so we're called to die  
So all rise, but all eyes on the fall guy  
The substitute, man's stand in at the cross  
Was slain as a lamb, paid as a ransom for the lost  
The cost of keeping it real, hip-hop's motto and creed  
Is escaping reality, through a fat bag of weed  
I would've had to bleed, just to pay for my own sins  
Born with an omen, 'til Christ came now I owe Him  
And can't repay, so check the chant we say  
It's Jesus the Christ all day every day  
And can't repay, so check the chant we say  
It's Jesus the Christ all day every day

Repeat Chorus

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